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Cradled in a Catapult

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CRADLED IN A CATAPULT

by Emily Elizabeth Scott

Because in every electrified nerve of my ever-aching body
the heat of your architecture stirs—
a child, a river, a beast,
seven red-breasted nuthatches and the scent of moon

colors the pages of my arms with the songs
of your arms and all they've carried
I recite letters written by strangers and buried
deep behind feathered lockets and closet spiders and
even deeper still, I sit atop castles of gazes
each rendering my heart's walls more pliable than moments
before knocking out entire hallways to make room for
soliloquies of your tenderness that I breathe
between my dreams, then wake to see sleep
so I begin again.